A POWER COMIC

COMING UP – THE BEST EASTER EGG IN THE WORLD!

POW!

No. 11

1st APRIL 1967

AUSTRALIA 10c. NEW ZEALAND 1/-(10c.). SOUTH AFRICA 9c. EAST AFRICA 1/00 WEST AFRICA 10d. RHODESIA 1/-

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1967

© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

SPIDER-MAN FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE LIZARD!

IT IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT SPIDER-MAN IS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL NEW SUPER-HERO SINCE THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

THIS, THE LATEST, AND POSSIBLY THE GREATEST OF ALL HIS ADVENTURES, WILL SHOW YOU WHY THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED TEEN-AGER HAS BECOME EVERYBODY'S SUPER SENSATION!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963

A SUPER-HERO IS NOTHING WITHOUT A SUPER-VILLAIN! AND, OUR LATEST SUPER-VILLAIN APPEARS, WITHOUT WARNING, IN THE MURKY SWAMPS OF A TROPICAL JUNGLE! THIS IS THE FIRST ENCOUNTER BETWEEN MAN-KIND AND--THE LIZARD!

BEGONE! THIS SWAMP IS MINE!

WHA-WHAT IS IT?

A GIANT LIZARD! BUT--IT TALKS!

IT WALKS LIKE MAN!

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S ATTACKING US!! I'LL--WHOOF! BULLETS DON'T STOP IT!

YOU DARE DEFY THE LIZARD? YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT FOLLY!

HE SNAPPED THAT HUGE TREE AS IF IT WERE CARDBOARD!

RUN! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!

FLEE, PUNY HUMANS! THIS SWAMP IS MINE! HERE THE LIZARD REIGNS SUPREME!

BOY! HE DOESN'T HAVE TO TELL ME TWICE!

LIKE WILDFIRE, THE REPORTS OF THE HUMAN LIZARD SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!

THEY SAY IT WALKS AND TALKS LIKE A MAN!

BULLETS CANNOT HARM IT? WHAT IS IT? WHO IS IT?

IT HAS THE STRENGTH OF A DOZEN BULL-DOZERS!

NOBODY CAN EVER TRACK IT DOWN... NOBODY WOULD DARE INVADE ITS DARK DOMAIN!

SOON, THE NAME OF THE LIZARD IS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS!

EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT THE LIZARD! EXTRA! EXTRA!

I'D LIKE A PAPER, TOO! BUT I'LL GET IT MY OWN WAY!

AND SO, QUIETLY--SECRETLY--THE COUNTRY'S MOST MYSTERIOUS SUPER-HERO LEARNS ABOUT THE NATION'S NEWEST MENACE FOR THE FIRST TIME!

WHAT KIND OF CORNBALL GAG IS THIS? EVERY PUBLICITY-MAD NUT AND HIS BROTHER TRY TO CHALLENGE ME TO SOME-THING OR OTHER!

EXTRA! DAILY BUGLE

THE BUGLE CHALLENGES SPIDER-MAN TO DEFEAT THE LIZARD!

WELL, I'LL CHANGE TO PETER PARKER, AND GO SEE MISTER JAMESON! MAYBE HE'LL SEND ME DOWN SOUTH TO SNAP SOME PHOTOS OF THAT LIZARD CHARACTER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "DAILY BUGLE"...
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND, PARKER! I JUST PRINTED THAT "CHALLENGE" HEADLINE TO SELL PAPERS! THE LIZARD IS PROBABLY JUST A PHONY, ANYWAY! I'M NOT PAYING YOU TO WASTE TIME!
BUT IF SPIDER-MAN DOES FIGHT HIM, THINK WHAT A SCOOP WE COULD GET!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! IF THERE REALLY IS A GIANT LIZARD DOWN SOUTH, SPIDER-MAN WILL NEVER TACKLE HIM! HE'D RATHER STAY HERE, FIGHTING PUNY CROOKS AND MAKING A NAME FOR HIMSELF!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN OLD HATCHET-FACE WOULD TURN ME DOWN!

TOO BAD, PETER! I THINK HE SHOULD HAVE SENT YOU TO COVER THE LIZARD STORY! IT MIGHT BE A REAL SCOOP!
THANKS, BETTY! I SURE WISH YOU WERE THE PUBLISHER, INSTEAD OF JUST BEING HIS SECRETARY!

NEXT DAY, AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM...
I FIGURE IT WON'T HURT ME TO LEARN ALL I CAN ABOUT LIZARDS, JUST IN CASE! SO, I MIGHT AS WELL START WITH THE BIGGEST ONES... THE DINOSAURS!
...IF THEIR INTELLIGENCE HAD MATCHED THEIR SIZE, THEY MIGHT STILL RULE THE EARTH TODAY!
HEY, LIZ! WOULDN'T YOU KNOW WE'D FIND BOOKWORM PARKER HERE!
HUSH, FLASH! I WANT TO HEAR THE LECTURE!

THEIR HIDES WERE SO THICK THAT IF THEY LIVED TODAY NO GUN SMALLER THAN A CANNON COULD INJURE THEM!
MY SPIDER SENSE IS TINGLING! THOSE TWO MEN COMING IN... IT'S DUE TO THEM!
NO ONE SAW US TAKE THE IDOL'S RUBY! NOW LET'S SCRAM!

THEY LIVED IN OR OUT OF WATER... THEY COULD CRUSH A PRESENT-DAY TANK...
THEY'VE STOLEN SOMETHING! I CAN SENSE IT HAVE TO FOLLOW THEM!
DON'T LIKE THE WAY THAT KID'S LOOKING AT US!
ME NEITHER! COME ON!

AH, HE'S HARMLESS! HE'S GOING IN THE OTHER ROOM!
LUCKY FOR ME! IF HE CAME ANY CLOSER, I'D HAVE LET HIM HAVE IT!
I'LL DUCK IN HERE AND CHANGE TO SPIDER-MAN!
CLOSED NOW FOREVER!
THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE I CAN LEARN ABOUT DINOSAURS...
...AND THAT'S A LOT MORE FUN!
UH OH! WHAT'S THE COMMOTION OUT THERE? SOUNDS LIKE THE GUARDS! HE'S CHASING THOSE TWO!
HE SAW THEM STEAL SOMETHING! BUT--THEY PULLED A GUN...SEIZED ONE OF THE KIDS...IT'S LIZ!
OKAY, SO YOU SAW US GRAB THAT RUBY! BUT WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE ANYHOW... AND WE'RE TAKING THIS GIRL WITH US--FOR PROTECTION!
PLEASE! LET THEM GO! DON'T TRY TO STOP THEM! THEY--THEY SEEM SO DESPERATE!
YOU TWO WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
I'LL SAY THEY WON'T!
I SEE THAT FLASH THOMPSON, LIZ'S LOUD-MOUTHED DATE, ISN'T DOING HER ANY GOOD!
...BUT "BOOKWORM PARKER" HAS A FEW TRICKS UP HIS LITTLE SLEEVE!
HOLD IT, BOYS! YOU'RE MISSING ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING EXHIBITS! NAMELY--ME!
IT'S--SPIDER-MAN!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
I'LL ANSWER THAT QUESTION! YOU HIT MY EAGER LITTLE FIST WITH YOUR BIG STRONG CHINS... LIKE THIS!
UGH!
OOF!
SPIDER-MAN!! YOU SAVED ME FROM THOSE TWO GUNMEN!
THE PLEASURE WAS ALL MINE, BLUE-EYES!
I'M JUST ENOUGH OF A SHOW-OFF TO ENJOY THESE LITTLE INCIDENTS!
...BUT I'D BETTER CUT OUT BEFORE SOMEONE WONDERS WHERE PETER PARKER IS!
MINUTES LATER...
LIZ, COME ON! SNAP OUT OF IT! THIS IS FLASH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?
FLASH! FLASH WHO? ALL I CAN REMEMBER ARE SPIDER-MAN'S STRONG ARMS AROUND ME! -SIGH-
MADE IT! NOBODY EVEN MISSED ME!!
HE SAVED ME! HE CALLED ME BLUE EYES! I'LL NEVER FORGET HIM!
NUTS! COMPETITION LIKE YOU I CAN HANDLE, PARKER! BUT WHAT DO I DO ABOUT SPIDER-MAN'S
JUST ONE THING, PAL... WORRY!
AT THAT MOMENT, A BOY PASSES BY, LISTENING TO THE NEWS ON HIS TRANSISTOR PORTABLE RADIO...
THE NATION WONDERS WHY SPIDER-MAN HAS AVOIDED GOING AFTER THE LIZARD...
THAT SETTLES IT! I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO GET JAMESON TO SEND ME TO TACKLE THE LIZARD!
AND SO, NOT LONG AFTER...
WH-WHO'S THAT??
WELL, IT'S NOT KEN DODD!
UH UH! HANDS OFF YOUR INTERCOM, JONAH, OLD CHUM! LET'S KEEP THIS NICE AND PRIVATE!
WEB!

GOT TO GET OUT!--GET HELP!
HOLD IT, SMILEY! WHERE'S YOUR HOSPITALITY?
JAMESON, YOU'VE BEEN WRITING EDITORIALS AGAINST ME...TALKING ON RADIO AND TV AGAINST ME... AND Y'KNOW SOMETHING? I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU DON'T LIKE ME!
L-LET ME DOWN!
WHAT'S THE RUSH? I HAVE A NEWS ITEM FOR YOU! I'M GOING TO ACCEPT THE LIZARD'S CHALLENGE! SO, IF YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT I CAN REALLY DO, YOU'D BETTER SEND A PHOTOGRAPHER TO COVER THE STORY!
AS FOR MY WEB, IT'LL LOOSEN IN A MINUTE AND YOU'LL COME DOWN... BOY, WILL YOU COME DOWN!!
THAT DOES IT! NOW, I HAVE TO HOPE HE'S CONVINCED ENOUGH TO SEND PETE PARKER DOWN SOUTH BECAUSE I HAVEN'T ENOUGH MONEY TO GET THERE BY MYSELF!
SOME SUPER-HERO I AM! TOO BROKE TO BUY A PLANE TICKET TO MEET A NEW ENEMY!
MISS BRANT, STOP GAPING AND CALL PETER PARKER! I WANT TO SEE HIM HERE AT ONCE! BUT FIRST, PUT SOME SOFT CUSHIONS ON THE FLOOR UNDER ME!
Y-YES, SIR!
WHUMP!
TSK! TSK! POOR GENTLE JONAH!
OWW!! NEVER MIND THOSE #!&+! CUSHIONS!
EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES LATER...
PETER! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? MR. JAMESON HAS BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU!
NO WONDER HE DIDN'T FIND ME! I HAVEN'T BEEN EVERYWHERE!
YOU KNOW, BETTY... I'VE BEEN WANTING TO ASK YOU SOMETHING...
YES, PETER?
PARKER! GET IN HERE!
I'VE DECIDED TO SEND YOU TO TRY TO GET SOME PICTURES OF THE LIZARD AFTER ALL...AND SPIDER-MAN, IF HE SHOWS UP!
THAT'S GREAT! WHEN DO I START?
START PACKING NOW! WE'RE LEAVING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
WE'RE LEAVING---???!
THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S SUCH A BIG STORY THAT I'M GOING WITH YOU!
I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES OF A SLIP-UP! BESIDES, I CAN USE A TRIP DOWN SOUTH!
OH, BROTHER! IF HE TAGS ALONG, HOW'LL I BE ABLE TO KEEP SWITCHING FROM PETE PARKER TO SPIDER-MAN?
T-I'LL HAVE TO GET PERMISSION FROM MY AUNT MAY!
MINUTES LATER, AT HOME...
YOU WANT TO GO TO WHERE THAT HORRIBLE LIZARD IS RUNNING LOOSE? OH NO, PETER! IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION!
BUT MISTER JAMESON IS GOING WITH ME!

YOU MEAN J. JONAH JAMESON, THE NICE MAN YOU DO PART-TIME WORK FOR? OH, IN THAT CASE I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT! I KNOW THAT HE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!
HE'S LIKE A BIG, FAT GUARDIAN ANGEL, AUNT MAY!

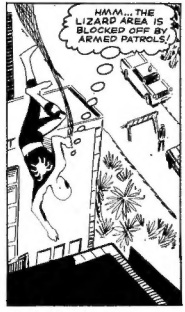
AND SO, THE NEXT DAY...
WHAT ARE YOU LUGGING THERE, PARKER?
A LOT OF CLIPPINGS ABOUT THE LIZARD, AND MAPS OF THE AREA WHERE HE'S BEEN SEEN!

GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE THINKING AHEAD, PARKER! YOU HAVEN'T SOLD ME TOO MANY SENSATIONAL PICTURES LATELY-- YOU BETTER NOT DISAPPOINT ME THIS TIME!
OH, PERISH FORBID!

BUT, UNNOTICED BY JONAH JAMESON, THE SHARP-EYED PETER PARKER SCANS A FEW OTHER ITEMS...
HMM... DR. CONNORS, THE REPTILE EXPERT, LIVES NEAR THE SWAMP AREA! HE MIGHT BE OF SOME HELP!
Reptile Expert
DOCTOR CURTIS CONNORS

FINALLY, AT THE AIRPORT...
I'LL GO AND GET SOME FRESH FILM AND EQUIPMENT WHILE YOU GET SETTLED IN THE HOTEL!
MAKE IT SNAPPY! WHY DIDN'T YOU BUY THAT JUNK BEFORE INSTEAD OF DOING IT HERE, ON MY TIME?!

AND, ONCE OUT OF SIGHT OF JAMESON AND THE OTHERS...
BECAUSE THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A CHANCE TO CHANGE TO SPIDER-MAN... THAT'S WHY!


HMM... THE LIZARD AREA IS BLOCKED OFF BY ARMED PATROLS!

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF "BLIP" I'D MAKE ON A RADAR SCREEN?

BUT, ALTHOUGH HE IS NOT DETECTED BY RADAR, SPIDER-MAN IS OBSERVED BY SOMETHING FAR MORE DANGEROUS! THE EYES OF... THE LIZARD!
ENEMY COMING...!
MUST HIDE! THEN ATTACK!

I DON'T LIKE IT! IT'S TOO QUIET HERE! UNNATURALLY QUIET! IT'S A CREEPY FEELING!

LAST WEEK, WE TRIED TO IMPRESS ON YOU *SPIDER-FANS* OUT THERE THAT *'FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE LIZARD'* WAS AN ACE YARN—EVEN BY SPIDEY STANDARDS. WE MUST ADMIT THAT WE'RE NOT QUITE *INTO* THE STORY YET—BUT STAND BACK FOR NEXT WEEK'S FULL-THROTTLE EPISODE—WHEN **SPIDER-MAN DUELS WITH HIS SCALY FOE!**

FREE! AN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN T-SHIRT WITH EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED!

Dear Alf and Bart,

I simply *had* to write to you about your really POWerful comics. I don't know why Cassius Clay is saying he is the greatest because POW is. POW must be good because my Dad hides it away so he can read it first and I have to read the morning papers—but they have nothing of interest like POW!

Martin Preece, 11,
Handsworth, Birmingham.

Write a letter to 'The Times,' Martin—maybe if you're very polite they'll consider putting a full-colour super-hero adventure on their front page.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Yesterday the paperboy was ten minutes late with my POW, so I went down the street to find him. He was leaning against a tree reading my comic!

After a lot of nasty words and me threatening to bash him, he gave it to me. He is 16 years old and I am only 8.

I do hope I win a Spider-Man T-shirt—just to frighten him.

Darrell Hurt,
Waith-on-Dearne, nr. Rotherham.

Just put on your T-shirt and glare at him as he comes down the road with POW, Darrell. He'll really get a move on then. (Make sure he runs in your direction, though!).

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I wish to say what, no doubt, hundreds of others have said before me—up Nick Fury! And now, something for Hydra—'Hail' as much as you want, but keep up the bad work. I *enjoy* the fixes I'll ole Patch-eye gets into.

And I have not finished yet. The drawing in Nick's story is exquisite. Now let's move back to the first pages of POW. It is a great way to start a comic, having Spider there. I'm caught at the start of POW, and by the time the effects of the combat between Spidey and some other so-and-so have worn off, I'm at Nick. I have an interesting tale to tell you. The Dolls of St Dominic's has that special something. The something special is that my Mum teaches at St. Dominic's in Belfast. By the way, my name is Davy—so as you can see, POW is really the comic for our family.

David Fearon,
Belfast, Eire.

Sorry to say it, but it looks as though Hydra's 'Hail-storms' are coming to an end pretty soon. Never mind—there'll be plenty other villains for Fury to 'Nick'!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

When I got my first POW comic I was very pleased and was extra glad when I saw that you had no football stories, as all my friends *hate* football stories and so do I. I have no trouble in sorting out your comics at the shop because of your FAB POWer Symbol. There's a boy down my way who taunts me with his HULK-Sweatshirt. I sure hope this letter gets printed so that I can have revenge with my Spider-Man T-shirt.

Stephen Eastmead,
London.

Cos is a pretty tough bloke, so we won't actually SAY that our new Spidey T-shirt will knock spots off the boy down the road's, but you just wear it and see!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Draculas at the POWer house,

On the back of this bit of paper is a drawing of a man. If you think it is good for a boy of 11 years old will you let me know. In five years time I'll come up there and ask for a job if I'm out of work.

It's just got to be said—your comic is Yabber Dabber Doo, as Fred Flintstone would say!

Roger Keller,
Didcot, Berks.

Yes—if you call in at number 64 at 10.30 a.m., March 25th, 1972, we'll fix you up. In the meantime, keep practising — your work shows promise.

Alf and Bart.

ACHTUNG! SEND THIS COUPON IN WITH YOUR LETTER!

MY FAVOURITE FEATURE IN POW! IS :—
.....

THE FEATURE I *DON'T* LIKE IS :—
.....

MY AGE IS :—.....

Dear Alf and Bart,

POW is the greatest comic I have ever read. My sister buys it for me and I didn't really realise how great POW was until I read it. It's marvellous! Fantastic! Fabulous! . . .

Now I really look forward to POW on a Monday. It's not so bad going to school when you've got POW to brighten you up. It took me half an hour to write this poem, so I'll SMASH! you if it's not printed.

The weekend's a bore
It drags more and more
But on Monday morning
There's something in store
POW ! ! ! POW ! ! ! POW ! ! !

Gregory Smith,
Keighley, Yorks.

Thank you, Greg—although we're still trying to make 'morning' rhyme with 'bore', 'more' and 'store.'

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Every week I buy POW and when it had the Spider-Man transfer I put it on an old white T-shirt, but Mum wouldn't. let me wear it because it had holes in it. I would like a Spider-Man T-shirt, but my Mum says that those who get them are already picked out. I hope she's wrong and I can get one. I'm 10½ years old and 5 ft tall.

Calvert Hebron,
Thurnscoe, East Yorks.

Although we bet your Mum is a real SMASHer, Calvert, we'll gladly prove her wrong if it means a new T-shirt for you.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Why does Spider-Man get all the publicity? There he is, right up front in the paper, while Nick Fury is stuck at the back. Also, why shouldn't Nick Fury have a special T-shirt like Spidey's? Then people who prefer Fury would get a Fury T-shirt! I LIKE Spidey, but he's always hogging the lights.

James Baker,
Wakefield, Yorks.

Old Eye-Patch doesn't come off too well on T-shirts, James—he keeps burning a hole through them with his cigar!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

When I buy POW and sit down to read it my Mum says I have to make a cup of tea. When I have it I sit back down again and she says I must lay the table. When I've done that my Dad comes in and picks POW up and reads it. When he finishes my sister reads it. By the time she has read it it's time to go to bed. So, when I take it to school to read it there the teacher takes it off me. So, please send me a Spider-Man T-shirt all for myself!

Robin Padmore,
Wolverhampton, Staffs.

When your Dad catches a sight of the T-shirt, he'll be taking that off you to wear to work, Robin—so you won't be *any* better off!

Alf and Bart.

NEW STAMP QUIZ?

DO YOU KNOW—

1. Has Great Britain ever issued Sports or Games stamps?.....
.....

2. Is "Catalogue Price" always the correct value of a stamp?.....
.....

3. What was the former name of "MALAWI"?.....
.....

4. What famous poet or writer has appeared on British stamps?...
.....

PRIZES: 5 Sports Stamps FREE for each correct answer. A complete set of 40 different Sports Stamps, genuine and catalogued £1.13.4, a set, free for 4 correct answers. Our wonderful new Special Approvals will be sent to you with prizes won. (Please inform your parents.)

PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept. P.23)
Eastrington, Goole, Yorks.

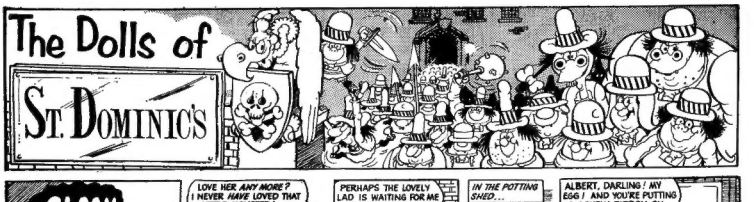
55 Br. Commonwealth FREE!

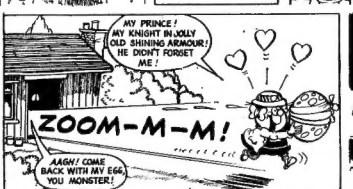
including THREE SUPER PITCAIRN ISLANDS—famous "Bounty" stamp as shown; also BR. ANTARCTIC, Hong Kong, etc., etc. in all 55 different stamps offered FREE to all collectors asking to see our famous Square Deal approvals—a priced booklet for 10 days inspection without obligation. Just send 4d. stamp for post and tell your parents please.

STERLING STAMP SERVICE (P.6) LANCING SUSSEX

KICKS
TAP!
TAP!
TAP!
I'LL GET MY KICKS TODAY— I'M GOING TO THE SCOUTS FANCY DRESS BALL DRESSED AS A SUCK CHICK!
M'MM-IT LOOKS LIKE MY WIFE!
CLUCK! CLUCK! CLUCK!
WAA-AAH! I'LL TELL MY MUMMY! HOWL!
YAH! CHICKEN!
PECK!
COO! THIS EGG WON'T HATCH! I RECKON IT'S HARD-BOILED!
GRRR!
FUME!
GRR! I'LL FIND OUT WHO'S IN THERE OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT! GRR!
G-GULP! TRUST GROWN-UPS TO SPOIL EVERY-THING!
AHA! GOT YOU!
GRAB!
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS THIS OLD COSTUME IS HALF-ROTTEN!
HEH! HEH! YOU WON'T LOSE THE HEAD THIS TIME!
GRR! FOILED AGAIN!
HEH! HEH! HE'S SURE TO GIVE UP NOW!
PLOP!
BEWARE OF SUCTION PIPE
BEWARE! STREET CLEANER
GRR! I'M NOT FINISHED YET!
AAGH! HE'S TRYING TO SUCK ME BACK! HELP! HELP!
SUCK!
WAA-AAH! STOP IT, YOU ROTTER! I'LL HAVE NO COSTUME LEFT! HELP!
SUCK!
I GOT AWAY— BUT MY COSTUME'S RUINED!
I'LL HAVE TO GO AS A ROAST CHICKEN NOW!
TONIGHT
GRAND FANCY DRESS BALL

The Dolls of St. Dominic's





COO, IT'S OLD BOLSTER!
NOW THEN, LULU—GIVE ALBERT BACK HIS EGG! THAT WAS VERY NAUGHTY OF YOU!
HOT-CROSS BUN
IT'S NOT FUNNY!
NO! NO! IT'S MINE! HE GAVE IT TO ME!
FIRST ONE TO MOVE GETS CLOBBERED!
EEK!
SAVED!
GRENADES!
YEAH! ALBERT GAVE IT TO HER!
LEAP!
HELP!
GEEE! YOU DON'T SCARE ME. STAND ASIDE!
ZOOM-M!
STAND BY FOR CLOBBERING!
SILLY LITTLE BOY! YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DOLLS AT YOUR AGE!
AAGH!
DONG!
COO! A HARD-BOILED EGG! LUCKY OLD ALBERT!
I LOVE PAINTING FUNNY FACES ON HARD-BOILED EGGS! SMIGGER!
TICKLE!
TICKLE!
AAGH! STOP IT! I CAN'T STAND BEING TICKLED! I GO STARK RAVING BONKERS!
SNARL!
GRR!
ACHE!
WAAH!
ERK!
AAGH HE AIN'T KIDDING!
BIFF!
THUMP
ZOOM-M!
WALLOP!
HELP!
HE DOES GO MAD!
SOB!
HAVE ANOTHER CHOCOLATE, MISS BOLSTER!
IT'S NICE TO SEE THE DEAR LITTLE GIRLS BEING QUIET AND WELL-BEHAVED FOR A CHANGE!
MOAN!
GROAN!
JOLLY OLD EASTER, FOLKS! BAH! BURBLE! BURBLE!

THE GROUP

BRAIN · LUVVY · FATSO · STUPID · SHRIMP · RINGO

PHEW! IT'S WARM TODAY! WE'RE HAVING A GOOD EASTER THIS YEAR!

HA! HA! HA!

GENTLY DAMPENED

SICKENING CRUNCH!

HEH! HEH! HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR EGG, P.C. PRATT!

BOO-HOO-HOO! THIS HAPPENS EVERY YEAR!

WE LOVE EASTER— IT'S WHEN WE GET OUR OWN BACK ON ALL THE STINKERS WHO HAVE BEEN ROTTEN TO US ALL YEAR!

YEAH! WITH STINKING, ROTTEN EGGS! SNIGGER! SNIGGER!

LEAVE THIS ONE TO ME! I'LL GET THAT STINKER OF A TEACHER OF OURS! HEH! HEH!

HUH! I WANTED HIM!

WACK! WACK!

DUST

WACK! WACK!

ME IN 1942

MUSTN'T LOSE MY TOUCH DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS!

A WASTE OF GOOD CHEWING GUM, BUT IT'S ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE!

STICK

SPLAT!

GASP CHOKE KOFF

EVIL PONG

SPLUTTER-MOAN

URG! ODOUR

TERRIBLE PONG

STAGGER!

COLOUR THIS GREEN MUST!

PHEW SMELL!

YAHOO! I'M GOING TO DO OLD GRUMPY McGRAW THE GAMEKEEPER!

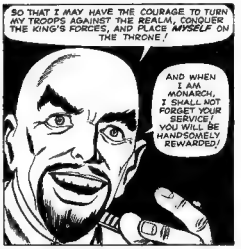
OLD GRUMPY GOES BERSERK WHEN HE SEES A MOUSE!
IF WE GET THEM TO BREAK THE EGGS THEMSELVES THEY CAN'T BLAME US! BRILLIANT, EH?
AAGH! AAGH! A BLINKING GREAT MOTH-EATEN MOUSE!
SNATCH!
GET'S ALL WORKED UP, HE DOES!
BLAM!
BLAM!
HEH! HEH! HE WON'T STAND UP TO THAT LOT!
GHASTLY! NYEP!
PONG! WOW! OH, KEY! ETHEL!
AAGH!
HO! HO! HE DIDN'T STAND UP EITHER—NOT WHEN THE FUMES GOT HIM!
NEXT PLEASE!
CRACK!
AJAX DOOR SALES
AAGH!
CLUTCH!
HO! HO! I REPLACED THE GONG WITH A LITTLE ROTTEN EGG!
HEY—THAT DOOR SALESMAN WAS SELLING DOORS!
TWO HOURS LATER...
FATTY'S EMERGENCY TOFFEE BAG
WELL, LADS! THAT'S PIERY-ONE FOR THIS YEAR!
NOW TO EAT OUR EASTER EGGS! SLURP! SLURP!
WHAT AN EASTER! A REAL STINKER! SNIGGER!
THERE MUST BE A TON OF CHOCS IN THERE!
GOOD JOB IT'S A CHOCOLATE EGG—IT WON'T GO ROTTEN!
LET'S EAT! TALLY-HO! IN WE GO!
COO! HOW DID THAT HOLE GET THERE?
IT—IT—IT'S ROTTEN!!! B-BUT IT CAN'T BE! GASP! GASP!
PONG!
URK!
OH, NO! IT'S A SKUNK! HOW DID THAT GET IN THERE?
GHASTLY FUMES
THE SKINKING SKUNK!
I'M DONE FOR! I'VE SCOFFED ALL THE CHOCS!
BUGGER
BOO-HOO-HOO! IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN TO US! A ROTTEN CHOCOLATE EGG!
POOR OL' FATTY'S TUM SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN UPSET BY SOMETHING
THE GROUP'S PLACE
SORRY IF HE CAUSED YOU ANY BOTHER, BOYS! HE ESCAPED THIS MORNING—AND HE'S RATHER PARTIAL TO CHOCOLATES!
HAPPY EASTER, FOLKS! WAA-AAH!
STUPID'S DONE FOR!

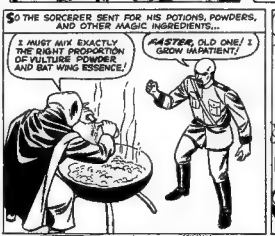
WE HAVE TO ADMIT IT, WE'RE NUTS ABOUT THESE STORIES WHERE A SORCERER CASTS A SPELL, AND THE RESULTS ARE UNEXPECTED, TO SAY THE LEAST! READ ON, AND SEE WHAT WE MEAN...

Alf & Bart

the SORCERER'S SPELL

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963





NEAT, EH? WE HOPE IT COMPENSATED YOU **JACK MAGIC** FANS FOR YOUR MISSING HERO.

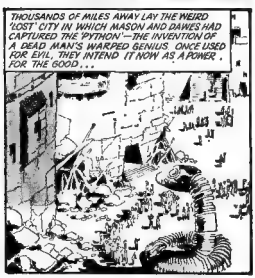
FACT IS, JACK IS DRAWN BY A TOP SPANISH ARTIST—AND SOMEWHERE BETWEEN SPAIN AND HERE THE ARTWORK DISAPPEARED.

HOPE JACK'S BOTTLE DIDN'T EXPLODE. ANYWAY, KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED AND JACK WILL BE BACK...

NEXT WEEK!

WE WARNED YOU LAST WEEK-AND HERE IT IS!

THE PYTHON



SEA BIRDS SCATTER— YET NOT BECAUSE JAWS LIKE A CLAMP SUDDENLY OPEN . .
SINK THE GRAB INTO THE BULWARK! THEN I'LL OPEN THE HATCH .

THE STEEL JAWS 'BITE'..
DON, THERE'S NOTHING TO GRIP! THE JAWS ARE SINKING RIGHT THROUGH..
PART OF THE BOW IS BREAKING AWAY!

THE PYTHON REARS HIGHER..
TRY TO THROW A COIL OVER THE SHIP!
I'M TRYING GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST IT'S LIKE TRAPPING A SHADOW!

ALGAE WRITHES—AND WHAT WAS ONCE A YACHT BREAKS IN TWO...
DIVE! BREAK AWAY! THE— THE THING'S ALIVE!
IT CAN'T BE! IT WAS A YACHT UNTIL MINUTES AGO!

SUDDENLY...
DON, LOOK OUT! IT'S REFORMED—INTO A HAND. QUICK, THE SUBMERSION CONTROL...!
IT'S REACHING FOR US!

THE LIGHTNING DIVE COMES NONE TOO SOON..
I TOLD YOU IT WAS ALIVE— IT THINKS! SOME TERRIBLE GROWTH HAS TAKEN CONTROL

PREPARE PYTHON FOR ATTACK! WHATEVER THE THING IS— WHATEVER IT WAS—WE HAVE TO DESTROY IT. IT MUST NEVER REACH LAND!

THE PYTHON—DESTROYER OF EVIL—PREPARES...
DON, SOMETHING ELSE IS HAPPENING! THE GLOW— IT'S GROWING BRIGHTER...
USE THE FLAME-THROWER! FIRE!
NEXT WEEK: THE SINISTER LUXURY YACHT!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

STAND by for some earth-shaking items of information that you can easily live without. For instance, we'd like you to know that Big Bold Bart is one of the fittest men we know. He's been showered with so many silver cups for his sporting prowess that his biggest expense of the week is buying metal polish. And did you know that Cos, in addition to being as big a breaker of female hearts as millionaire playboy Tony Stark, is a talented cartoonist in his own right? And when Affable Alf isn't breathing down the necks of the garret gang to get more out of them he's breathing down his tenor sax, up to his larynx in an imitation of Stan Getz. Whilst on this musical note, Bubbling Brian Green, one of our most gifted layout artists, fronts his own band in his spare time and plays professionally as Brian Green's Jazz Band. You've heard of red-hot jazz? Well, when Brian and his merry men come marching in the sound is *Green* hot!

TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Iain Dunlop, Glasgow, Scotland; Derek Foster, Ford Estate, Sunderland, Co. Durham; Glenn McCreath, Glasgow, Scotland; Lesley Wilders, Belvedere, Kent. Susan Estes, Reading, Berks; L. Jenkins, Wishaw, Lanarks; Paul Lever, Illingworth, Halifax; Stephen Dolon, Huyton, Nr Liverpool; D. Murphy, Kennington, S.E.11, Roy Arden, Salford, Lancs; Christopher Fisher, Laindon, Essex, Alan Kennedy, Londonderry, N. Ireland; James McMenemy, Glasgow, Scotland; Michael Burt, Yeovil, Somerset, Nicholas Ash, Bollington, Cheshire; Paul Hardy, Barlow, Yorks, A. Shepherd, Cheltenham, Glos; John Carroll, Laracor Trim, Co. Meath, Ireland; John Green, Grimethorpe, Yorks; T. Bogg, Wymering, Portsmouth, Hants.

A lot of Power Pack People tell us they are collecting the series of conquring tricks which appear in POW! In case the thought of doing this hasn't struck you, we toss out the suggestion free of charge.

* * *

Meanwhile, there's no doubt about the biggest thing to be found this week in Powerdom—it's the five hundred feet tall humanoid who is battling it out in this week's pulsing pages of SMASH with—that's right, you guessed it!—THE HULK! And don't forget—if you want to buy a genuine guaranteed granny-frightening Hulk T-shirt there's nothing stopping you but money. See this week's SMASH for the how of it!

STRAIGHT FROM THUNDERBIRDS

FAB 1

KAPOW!

FIRES FIVE MISSILES!

one at a time or salvos!

Radiator hinges forward ☐ Press front of car to fire forward block buster rocket ☐ Press rear to fire four harpoons—one at a time or all together ☐ Lady Penelope and Parker ☐ Sliding cockpit canopy ☐ Jewelled headlights ☐ Suspension ☐ Authentic colours ☐ Superb finish ☐ Plated details ☐ Number plate ☐ Length 5¾" ☐ Retail Price 15/11d.

ASK FOR A DINKY® FAB 1

From Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.

Always something new from DINKY TOYS Manufactured by Meccano Ltd · Binns Rd · Liverpool

NOBBY'S NIGHT MARES

LOOK AT HIM! FAST ASLEEP BEFORE HE COULD OPEN HIS EGG!

Z-Z-Z

I GAVE IT TO HIM TO **EAT** – NOT TO HATCH OUT!

I BET THERE IS A NIGHTMARE HATCHING IN THAT BOY'S HEAD, AS USUAL!

MUM IS RIGHT, FOR IN NOBBY'S TEMPLE THEATRE...

HEH! HEH! IT'S AN EASTER NIGHTMARE THIS WEEK, YOU LUCKY READERS! AND IT'S HORRIBLE! I'M SURE THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A GOOD FRIDAY FOR NOBBY!

EGGWHITE AND THE SEVEN HORRORS

I'M EGGWHITE – AND IT'S NO YOLK, BELIEVE ME!

AND I'M HOT-CROSS **BUN** – GETTING HOTTED UP! HEH! HEH! I'M ONE OF THE HORRORS!

CRACK!

WHERE IS THAT NOBBY? WE EGG-WHITES ARE ALWAYS GETTING WHIPPED! NOW IT'S OUR TURN!

AHA! GOT HIM! NOW FOR SOME WHIPPED SCREAMS!

NIGHTMARE PLAYING NOBBY

AAGH! ERK! ERK!

AHA! HERE COMES **BUN** LOOKING ALL HOT AND CROSS!

ENTER HORROR NUMBER ONE!

AAGH! NO! HELP!

COO! THESE HAIRY SHELLS ARE HARD TO CRACK!

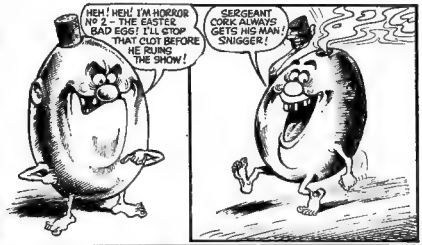
HELP!

GRR! HE WON'T CRACK! HOW CAN WE WHIP UP HIS INSIDE IF WE CAN'T GET IN?

BIG NIT! HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HIT ME SO HARD!

G-GULP! THEY'RE BEING FAR TOO REALISTIC! AND THERE ARE ANOTHER SIX HORRORS TO COME! I'LL BE SMASHED!

AAH! COME BACK, YOU CHUMP! YOU'RE NOT MEANT TO RUN OFF!
JUST CALL ME A COWARD! GULP!


HEH! HEH! I'M HORROR Nº 2 – THE EASTER BAD EGG! I'LL STOP THAT CLOT BEFORE HE RUINS THE SHOW!
SERGEANT CORK ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN! SNIGGER!

WERFUL PONG!
AAGH! THE ROTTEN NIT! HE'S GASSED ME! I'M DONE FOR! GASP! GASP!

COME ON! TAKE A SNIFF OF THIS AND THEN WE'LL GET ON WITH THE SHOW!
I DON'T THINK HE'LL RUN OFF AGAIN!

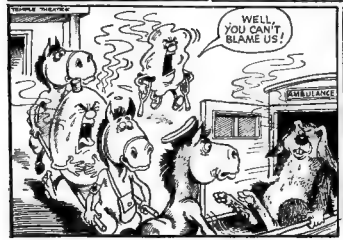
COO! I RECKON THOSE SMELLING SALTS WERE A BIT TOO STRONG!
AAGH! WAAH!

EEK!

OOH! HECK! THAT'S DONE IT! I'VE LANDED ON HOT-CROSS BUN'S HOT WATER BOTTLE!

AAGH! BOILED WITHOUT ME SHELL!
AAGH! I'M A RED-HOT CROSS BUN!
AAGH! HOT WATER! I'LL BE HARD-BOILED!

BOO-HOO! ANOTHER SHOW RUINED – AND THERE WERE STILL FIVE MORE HORROR'S TO COME!


TEMPLE THEATRE
WELL, YOU CAN'T BLAME US!
AMBULANCE

BETTER WAKE NOBBY UP, I SUPPOSE!

GOSH! THANK GOODNESS I WOKE UP! I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT THE OTHER FIVE HORROR'S WERE!
– AND SO WOULD WE, NOBBY! SO WOULD WE! HAPPY EASTER, LAD!

NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.!

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1966

THERE MUST BE *SOME* WAY TO STOP IT! THERE *MUST* BE!

MAYBE THERE *IS*, KID... BUT *THAT* ISN'T IT!

THANG!

HEY! LOOK OUT! ANOTHER BLASTED COMPARTMENT OPENED UP! SOME KIND OF *GUN* IS GETTIN' A SIGHT ON YOU!

IT'S THE *ULTRA-SONIC STUNNER!* IT USES SOUND VIBRATIONS TO...TO... ...*UHHHH!*...

BEEEEIIIEEEEEEEE

NO MATTER *HOW* THICK-HEADED I AM, I'M A *MAN!* A MAN OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO OUT-THINK A CRUMMY *MACHINE!* *WAIT! I GOT IT!*

STILL DESPERATELY HOLDING HIS BREATH, TO WARD OFF THE EFFECTS OF THE COMA GAS NICK FURY BRACES HIS LEGS AGAINST THE RIGID WALL, AND THEN...

I'M BLACKING OUT! I FAILED YOU! FAILED...!

WE'RE NOT LICKED *YET!* ANY MACHINE AS COMPLICATED AS *THIS* ONE HAS TO HAVE *DELICATE INSIDES!*

...AND, BY TURNIN' IT OVER ON ITS *BACK*, I CAN GET ITS WHOLE BLAMED *STABILIZER SYSTEM* OUT OF ORDER!

IT *WORKED!* THE *HUNTER* DOESN'T KNOW WHICH END IS *UP* NOW... SO IT CAN'T *DO* ANYTHING.

BUT I CAN'T HOLD MY *BREATH* MUCH LONGER! GOT TO FIND SOME FRESH AIR... *FAST!*

DID I HEAR SOMEONE CALLING MY *NAME*...OR AM I STARTIN' TO CRACK UP??

FURY!

NO, NICK FURY *ISN'T* CRACKING UP! FOR, IN ANOTHER OF THE VAST COMPLEX OF HYDRA TUNNELS, WE SEE...

FURY! WHERE IN BLAZES *ARE* YOU?

IF HE DOESN'T ANSWER, DUM DUM, MAYBE WE'RE...TOO LATE!

NO! HE'S *GOT* TO ANSWER! HE'S *GOT* TO BE ALIVE! FURY! *FURY!*

BUT, BEFORE THE PICKED SQUAD OF *SHIELD* AGENTS, LED BY *DUM DUM DUGAN* AND *GABE JONES*, CAN SEARCH ANY FURTHER, A DEADLY ASSAULT FORCE OF *AYOGA "TIGERS"* ATTACKS FROM ALL SIDES...!

WAW-HOO! THIS IS WHAT WE BEEN *WAITING* FOR! *FLYING WEDGE FORMATION*... ON THE *DOUBLE!*

C'MON, YOU HEROES! SHOW 'EM HOW WE DID IT IN THE *COMMANDOS*! GO! GO! *GOOOO!*

KRAK-KRAK

WOK!

BRAKKA!

BRAKKA!

WOK!

THIS IS THE *PAYOFF*, PARTNER! IT'S ALL OR *NOTHING* NOW!

THEIR CAUSE IS *HOPELESS*, ANYWAY... SO LONG AS OUR *BETATRON BOMB* ORBITS OVERHEAD!

NOTHING ON EARTH CAN DEFEND MANKIND FROM OUR SUPREME CHALLENGE!

STOP THEM! THEY MUST *NOT* BREAK THROUGH!

YET, EVEN AS THE DESPERATE BATTLE RAGES, *STRANGE*, *FRANTIC* MANOEUVRING TAKES PLACE BEHIND GABE JONES, CONCEALED BY HIS BLISTERINGLY ACCURATE BARKING GUN...!

FASTER! FASTER! THEY'LL SWARM ALL OVER US IN ANOTHER FEW SECONDS!

WE'LL *MAKE* IT, GABE! WE'RE ALMOST DONE!

THUKKA THUKKA THUK!

KEEP FIRING, BOY! *THAT'S* THE WAY!

OKAY, GABE... IT'S UP TO *YOU* NOW! GET THE *ELECTRO-JAB* IN PLACE!

EVERYTHING'S *SET!* TAKE YOUR POSITIONS! WE'RE GOING TO *TEAR INTO THEM!*

SWING AROUND, GABE! *FAST!* HERE COMES THEIR MAIN ASSAULT!

OKAY! AN' *REMEMBER*.. WE STOP FOR *NOTHING!*

CLICK!

C'MON, DUM DUM..., TAKE YOUR PLACE! THIS IS A *TEAM* OPERATION! LET'S *GO!*

IT'S WORKING! THEY'RE FALLING BACK!

MAN! WHAT GENERAL CUSTER COULD HAVE DONE WITH THIS FORMATION!

PAK-OW!

PAK!

THEY'RE BREAKING THROUGH! SUMMON IMPERIAL HYDRA... FAST!

NO NEED TO CONTACT HIM! HIS EYES ARE FIXED ELSEWHERE!

AND, EVEN AS THE INCREDIBLE BATTLE RAGES, THE EYES OF HYDRA FOLLOW EVERY MANEUVER, EVERY MOVE, WITH BLISTERING INTENSITY!

HAIL HYDRA! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS? OUR TIGER SQUAD IS IN RETREAT!

I CAN SEE THAT, YOU FOOL! SHIELD IS TRYING TO REACH FURY - AND MY DAUGHTER... BEFORE WE CAN!

BUT, MY RESOURCES ARE UNLIMITED! ATTENTION! PREPARE FOR NEW ORDERS!

SKATE BOARD UNIT "A"! MUSTER YOUR FORCES! ENGAGE SHIELD INVADERS ON PERIMETER FAST TUNNEL! FOLLOW BATTLE PLAN "APACHE"!

SKATE BOARD UNIT "B"! MUSTER YOUR FORCES! RECAPTURE FURY AND GIRL BEFORE SHIELD CAN REACH THEM! CONDITION RED! ALL OTHER ORDERS ARE SUPERCEDED!

HAIL HYDRA!

EXACTLY FIFTEEN SECONDS LATER, SKATE BOARD UNITS "A" AND "B" OF THE TIGER ASSAULT FORCES GO INTO ACTION...!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO COME TO GRIPS WITH SHIELD!

ONCE AND FOR ALL, THAT THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR THE HORDES OF HYDRA!

IT'S TIME WE PROVED THIS!

THIS IS WHERE WE SEPARATE! SUCCESS WITH YOUR MISSION! HAIL HYDRA!

COMA GAS AHEAD! MASKS ON!

IF FURY AND THE GIRL INHALED ENOUGH OF THE GAS, THERE IS NO NEED FOR OUR HASTE! THEY WILL BE FINISHED!

UNIT "B"! DISMOUNT SKATE BOARDS! PROCEED ON FOOT!

THERE IS NO TRACE OF FURY OR THE GIRL. BUT... WHERE COULD THEY HAVE GONE WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM??

CAREFUL! SO LONG AS FURY LIVES, WE ARE NEVER COMPLETELY SAFE!

MEANWHILE, HOVERING HIGH ABOVE THE EASTERN COAST, SO HEAVILY ARMED THAT NO MILITARY POWER, OR COMBINATION OF MILITARY POWERS WOULD EVER DARE ATTACK IT, THE FLOATING HELI-CARRIER HEADQUARTERS OF SHIELD PREPARES TO RECEIVE A TOP LEVEL VISITOR IN ONE OF ITS AMAZING JET-POWERED PORCHE 904 LAND-AIR PERSONNEL TRANSPORT VEHICLE...

ONLY YESTERDAY THAT FURY DROVE IN THIS CAR WHEN HE WAS BROUGHT TO THE HELI-CARRIER FOR THE FIRST TIME!*

IT SEEMS LIKE

STOP TALKING ABOUT HIM AS THOUGH HE'S DEAD, MISTER!

SORRY, MR. STARK! DIDN'T MEAN TO WRITE HIM OFF TOO SOON!

PREPARE FOR LANDING! ANTHONY STARK APPROACHING MAIN FLIGHT DECK!

MR. STARK, DO YOU REALLY THINK YOUR BRAINO-SAUR CONTRAPTION CAN POLISH OFF HYDRA'S BETATRON BOMB?

IF I DIDN'T THINK SO, I WOULDN'T BE GAMBLING MY OWN LIFE ON MY INTENDED FLIGHT!

BUT I THOUGHT THE BOMB IS SET TO EXPLODE IF ANYTHING HITS IT... COVERING THE EARTH WITH DEADLY RADIOACTIVITY!

I'M AWARE OF THAT!

*IN OUR NOW-FAMOUS ISSUE NUMBER ONE OF POW!

WHEN THERE'S ACTION AND SUSPENSE COMBINED LIKE THIS YOU KNOW YOU'RE READING ONE OF THE ALL-TIME GREATS IN PICTURE-STORIES. BUT THE BEST OF YARNS HAS TO END SOMETIME, AND NEXT WEEK WE REACH THE NAIL-BITING FINALE. BUT JUST SO YOU WON'T HAVE TOO MANY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, WE LEAVE YOU WITH THIS PIC OF THE SUPREME HYDRA HIMSELF JUST BEFORE HE PRESSES THE DESTRUCTION BUTTON.

YOU'VE HEARD OF A LONG-RANGE WEATHER FORECAST—WELL, HERE'S A LONG-RANGE THRILL FORECAST!

BIG NEWS FOR NICK FURY FANS! IN POW 13, WE START THE LONG-AWAITED SAGA OF "SERGEANT FURY AND HIS HOWLING COMMANDOES". PICS① AND② SHOW SOME OF THE TREMENDOUS **ACTION** *COMING IN YOUR DIRECTION. DO YOU RECOGNISE THAT SUPERLATIVELY SINISTER VILLAIN FIGHTING SPIDER-MAN IN PICTURE③? HE'S NONE OTHER THAN THE VULTURE, WHO LAST GAVE SPIDEY A RUN FOR HIS MONEY IN POW ISSUE 3. ONLY THIS TIME, HE'S* **MUCH** *MORE DANGEROUS! THIS STORY STARTS IN ISSUE 13 AS WELL!*

WEE WILLIE HAGGIS

WEE WILLIE HAGGIS THINKS HE HAS BLOWN UP BLUEFINGER AND NOW HEADS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE TOWARDS A CORNER WHERE HE THINKS SOME SAUSAGES ARE BURNING IN THE NAAFI CANTEEN!

BUT IT'S NOT SAUSAGES – IT'S BLUEFINGER – ALIVE AND KICKING!

PHEW! WHAT A PONG! AH HATE BURNT SMELLS!

HE WON'T SMELL THIS! SNIGGER!

MORE LIKE BURNT SOCKS THAN SAUSAGES!

SNIFF!

AAGH! IT'S BLUE-FINGER HIMSELF!

HEH! HEH! PREPARE TO DIE, SPY! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A MEASLY SHELL TO KILL ME!

MA ONLY HOPE! GULP!

CRUMP!

AAGH! HE'S DIDDLED ME AGAIN! HE'S GOT ME WITH MY OWN FIENDISH LAUGHING GAS! AAGH!

MOST APPROPRIATE, DON'T YOU THINK? CAUGHT BY HIS OWN FIENDISH LAUGHING GAS THAT MAKES YOU AS FAT AS A HAGGIS WITH MUMPS!

HA! HA! HE! HE! HO! HO!

HEH! HEH! HEH! YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET! HO! HO!

BOING! BOING! BOING!

WHO'D BE A SPY? SOME FOLKS JUST LIKE BEING AWKWARD!

ZOP!

I'D BETTER GIVE HIM ONE OF Z'S SLIMMING PILLS!

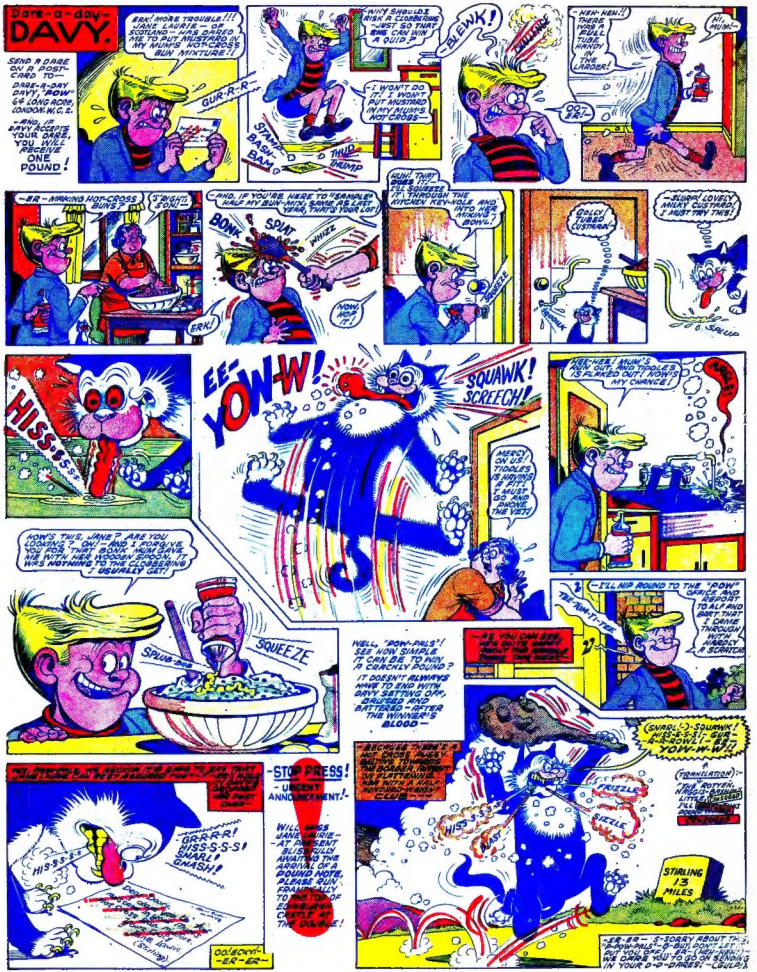
ZOP!

GUARDROOM

SQUEEZE!

HELP! A PILL! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM? GLUG!

POW! printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 112 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland 12 months 43/4; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 39/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. 86; Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 7d., and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated cc ndition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.


DOT-A-DAY DAVY.
SEND A DARE ON A POST-CARD TO— DARE-A-DAY DAVY, "ROW" 66 LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.2.
—AND, IF DAVY ACCEPTS YOUR DARE: YOU WILL RECEIVE ONE POUND!
—AH! MORE TROUBLE!!! JANE LAURIE — OF SCOTLAND — HAS DARED ME TO PUT MUSTARD IN MY MUM'S HOT-CROSS BUN MIXTURE!!
GUR-R-R
—WHY SHOULDN'T ASK A CLOBBERING FROM THE GIRL SHE CAN WIN A QUID?
—I WON'T DO IT! I'LL PUT MUSTARD IN MY OWN HOT-CROSS!
STAMP BAM BAM
THUP
DUMP
—SLEWK!
SQUELCH!
—HEH-HEH!! THERE WAS A FULL TUBE HANDY IN THE LARDER!
OOO-ER!
—HI, MUM!
—ER—MAKING HOT-CROSS BUNS, DARLING?
"RIGHT-O!"
ERK!
—AND, IF YOU'RE HERE TO REARRANGE HALF MY BUN-MIX, SAME AS LAST YEAR, THAT'S YOUR LOT!
BONK
SPLAT
WHIZZ
WOW! HOT IT!
—AND, HE'S GONE INTO THE KITCHEN KEY-HOLE AND INTO HIS MIXING BOWL!
SQUELCH
OH-OH! THAT'S MY CUSTARD!
—SLURP! LOVELY MILKY CUSTARD! I JUST FAV THIS!
SLURP
HISSSSS
EE-YOW-W!
SQUAWK! SCREECH!
HERE'S ON US! TIDDLES & HIMSELF & I JUST MUST GO ON THE VET!
—SEE-HEE! MUM'S GONE AND THROWN HIS PICKED OUT TO YOU! MY CHANCE!
—YOW'S THIS, WAVE? ARE YOU LOOKING? — OH! — AND I FORGIVE YOU FOR THAT BOWL HEAD SAVE US WITH HER WOOMB SPOON! IT WAS NOTHING TO THE CLOBBERING I GIVEN UNCLE CAT!
SPLUG
SQUEEZE
—I'LL NIP ROUND TO THE "POW" OFFICE AND REPORT TO ALF AND ART THAT I CAME THROUGH WITH HARDLY A SCRATCH!
TEE-HOW-T-TEE
WELL, "POW-PALS"! SEE HOW SIMPLE IT CAN BE TO NOT IT CRICKEY POUND?
IT DOESN'T ALWAYS HAVE TO END WITH DAVY SETTING OFF, BRUISED AND BATTERED — AFTER THE WINNER'S BLOOD!
—IF YOU'VE EVER HEARD THE SOUND OF A CAT'S SCREAM!
(SNARL)—SQUAWK! —EE-E-E-E-E! —SUR-R-R-R-R! —SCREECH! —YOW-W-W!!
(TRANSLATION)— THE ROYAL HOTEL, STIRLING, SCOTLAND. ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.
STIRLING 13 MILES
—ER, EE — S-SORRY ABOUT THE "POW-PALS"-S-BUT, DON'T LET THE ROYAL STIRLING PUT YOU OFF! — DO CHEER YOU TO GO ON SENDING IN YOUR D-A-D-DAREES! —SNUFF!
—STOP PRESS! — URGENT ANNOUNCEMENT! —
WILL MISS JANE LAURIE — AT PRESENT BLISSFULLY AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF A POUND NOTE, PLEASE RUN FRANTICALLY TO THE TOP OF EDINBURGH CASTLE AT THE DOUBLE!
HISSSSS
—GRRR-R! HISS-S-S-S! SNARL! SMASH!!
OOOECKY!—ER-ER—
(SNARL)
(SNARL)
FRIZZLE
SIZZLE
HISSSSS
HAST